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What are You Waiting for?

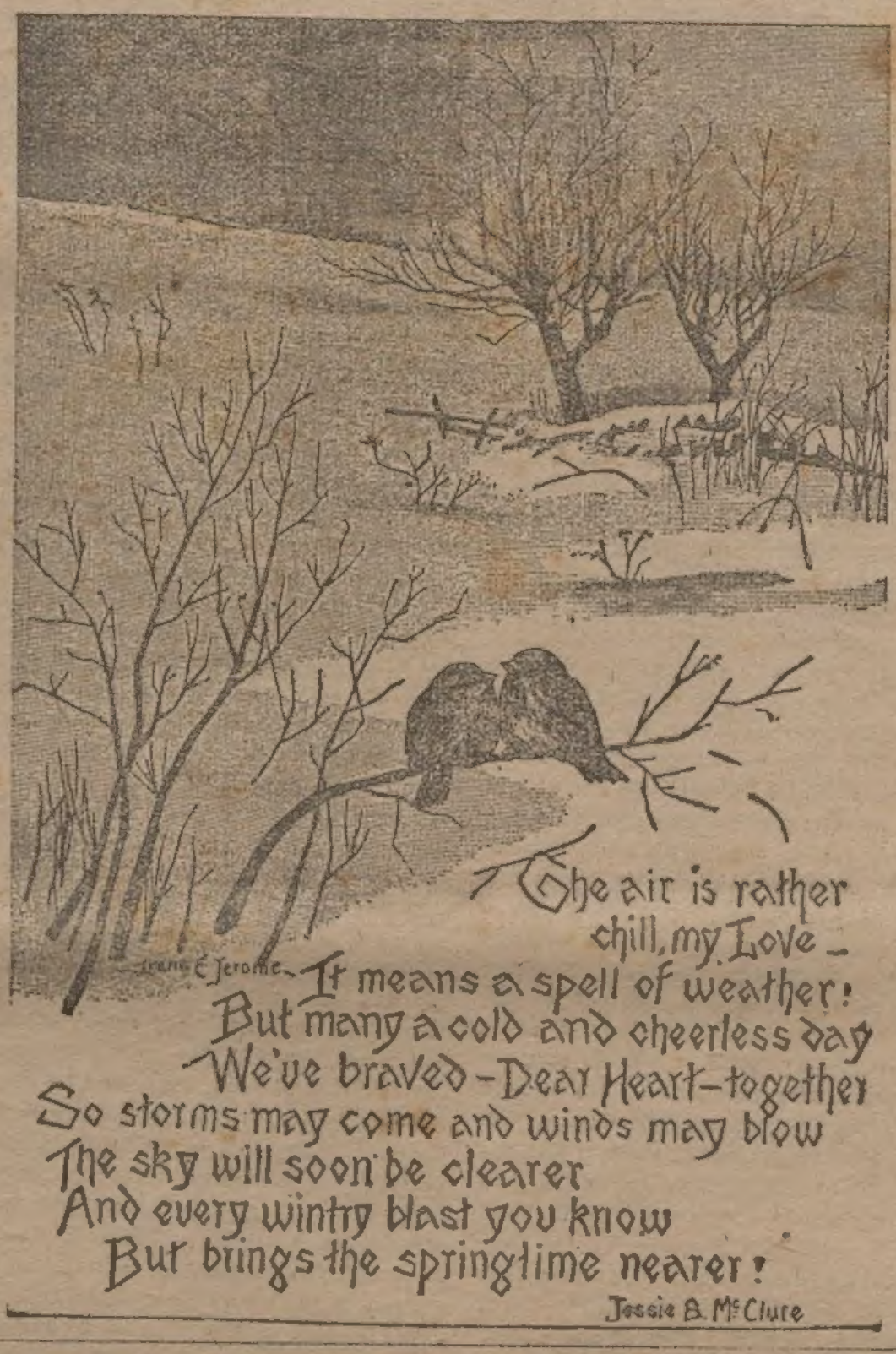
SERMON PREACHED AT THE GREAT REVIVAL MISSION IN MILDMAY CONFERENCE HALL, LONDON.

(Dr. R. A. Torrey, in the 'Christian Herald.')

My subject to-night is, What are you waiting for? The text is Acts xxii., 16: 'And now, Why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.' Especially the first part of the verse, 'Why tarriest thou?'

It was God who asked the question, through his servant Ananias, of Saul of Tarsus, and I believe that God is asking the same question to-night, though me, of every man, woman, and child in this building that is not an open, confessed, out-and-out follower of Jesus Christ. God is saying to you to-night, 'What are you waiting for? Why do you not come out to-night an the side of Jesus Christ?'

Saul of Tarsus hated Jesus Christ, he thought that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor. He did not believe that he was the Christ sent of God, as he claimed to be. Away down in the depths of his heart, Saul of Tarsus had an uneasy feeling that perhaps he was the Christ, perhaps he was the Son of God, but he never admitted it to himself as far as his admitted convictions were concerned. Saul of Tarsus thought that Jesus was an impostor, and he hated Jesus with intense hatred, and said, 'I am going to stamp out this religion of the followers of Christ,' and he hated everybody that bore the name of Christ. He went from house to house, and arrested men, women, and children, sparing neither age nor sex, drawing them before the courts to be tried, and when they were sentenced to death, giving his vote for their execution. At last Saul of Tarsus had exhausted all the opportunities of murder in Jerusalem, but he had not exhausted the hate in his own heart. He was yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples, and when he heard that 150 miles off, away in the city of Damascus, there were followers of Jesus, with his heart still full of hate he went to the chief priest and said, 'Give me letters to Damascus, and I will go to Damascus, and I will do there as I have done in Jerusalem. I'll arrest the Christians, men and women, and drag them here in chains to be punished.' His request was readily granted. He started on his long journey across the barren, desolate, dreary desert; on foot or horseback, day by day Saul of Tarsus pressed on, not even stopping for the burning heat of the noontide sun, and thus he has almost reached Damascus. He is on the hill-top before you come to the city, and there Damascus lies before him in all its beauty, a city of olive groves and vineyards, of palaces, rivers and fountains,—the most beautiful city of the ancient world, of which poets loved to sing and which one Persian poet has compared to a pearl in a goblet of emerald. But


The air is rather chill, my Love —
It means a spell of weather!
But many a cold and cheerless day
We've braved — Dear Heart — together
So storms may come and winds may blow
The sky will soon be clearer
And every wintry blast you know
But brings the springtime nearer!
Jessie B. McClure

Saul of Tarsus had no eye for beauty. His only thought was, 'Down in that city are some of these accursed Christians, and I'll soon have them in my power and drag them back to Jerusalem,' and he continues to press on. Suddenly there shines round about him a light that outshines even that of the noontide sun, and there, standing in that glory he beholds the most wonderful face and form his eyes had ever gazed upon, the face and form of the glorified Christ. He is blinded by the glory, and falls upon his face on the earth, and out of the glory he hears a voice speaking, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' The scared man cries out from the ground, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And back comes the crushing reply, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' Overwhelmed, he cries, 'What wilt thou have me to do, Lord?' 'Arise, stand on thy feet, go into Damascus, and there it shall be shown thee what thou oughtest to do.' He rises: everything is blank. Turning his eyes hither and thither, he sees nothing, he has to hold out his hand and be led as a helpless child into the city which he had expected to enter as a conqueror. He goes to the house of friends. For three days and nights he shuts himself up, neither eats nor drinks nor sleeps; but he does not come out on the side Christ; and at last God, weary of waiting, sends his servant Ananias with the question of the text, 'Why tarriest thou, Saul? What are you waiting for? Why don't you come out openly and confess me, whom you now know to be the Christ?'

Men and women out of Christ in Mildmay Hall to-night, God is putting the same question to you. 'Why tarriest thou?' Why don't you come out openly and accept Christ and confess him before the world as your Saviour and Lord and Master? I wish it were possible for me to come down from this platform and go from seat to seat and man to man, and put to every man and woman the question, 'What are you waiting for before you come out on the side of Christ?' and then have you give me an honest answer, have you tell me your real reason, and then sit down beside you and lead you to Christ. I believe if I could do that to-night I could get almost every man and woman out of Christ to accept him. But, of course, it is

impossible; that would take days and weeks and months, so I am going to ask you to do the next best thing. I am going to ask everyone that is not a Christian to forget all about everyone else. Don't look on me as preaching a sermon to the multitude, but just think that you and I are having a personal conversation together, that you are talking to me, and I am talking to you, and not to anybody else in the hall, and put to yourself this question, 'What am I waiting for? Why do I not come out on the side of Christ to-night?' Now we are going to have a few moments of silence and of prayer; I am going to ask every Christian in the room to pray God to help men and women to be honest; and I ask you who are not Christians to put this question to yourselves, 'What am I waiting for?' Let us have silence.

[Here, for about a minute, was an interval of silent prayer. Dr. Torrey then continued as follows]:

Every man and woman that is not a Christian, put the question to yourself,—'What am I waiting for? What is the real reason why I don't come out and confess Christ openly to-night?' Be honest. Have you answered the question? Then I will take up your answers one by one.

Some of you have said, 'I am waiting till I am convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, before I accept Christ as my Saviour and confess him before the world.' Now, I want to make a fair offer to every man and woman that made that answer to-night. If you will come to me at the close of this meeting, I will show you a way by which you can find out for yourself that Jesus Christ is God's Son. Now, if you are an honest sceptic, you will accept this offer, and if you do not accept it, never say again that you are a sceptic; you are a humbug. Of course, if you are a mere trifler, I have not time to waste upon you; but if you are a sincere doubter, I had rather speak to you than to anyone else in the building, for I have yet to find the first sincere doubter, the first atheist, the first Christian Scientist, the first Theosophist, that really wanted to find the way of truth and I could not find a way to show him. All over the world there are agnostics and atheists whom it has been my privilege to lead to Jesus. Now, if you are honest, you will accept that offer, and if you don't accept it, you will know for once that you are not an honest sceptic.

I went to a man at the close of a meeting like this one night. He was standing between two chairs at the further end of the building, and I walked up to this gentleman and said, 'Mr. B. [he was one of the most highly esteemed men in the place], why are you not a Christian?' 'Oh, well,' he said, 'I'll tell you. I don't boast about it, as so many in this town do, but I don't believe in it.' I said, 'Don't you believe there is a God?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have never given up faith that there is a Supreme Being.' 'Well,' I said, 'if there is a God, you ought to surrender your will to his will. Will you do it? Will you take your stand upon the will of God, to follow it wherever it goes?' He said. 'I am trying to do that now,' and I believe he was. I said, 'That's not what I asked. Will you take your stand upon the will of God to follow it wherever it goes?' 'Well,' he said, 'I have never put it quite that way yet.' I said, 'Will you put it that way to-night?' He said, 'I will do it.' I said, 'Another thing. Do you believe God answers prayer?' 'No,' he said, 'I don't. I have lived many years asking that question, and I have come to the conclusion that God does not answer prayer.' However, after a little more talk with him I got him to offer up this prayer: 'O God, if there is any God, show me that Jesus Christ is thy Son, and if thou wilt show me that he is, I will confess him before the world.'

At the meeting the Sunday evening following I saw that gentleman into the prayer mission, and just as soon as I threw the meeting open, this man rose to his feet and said he now believed. He had been honest with himself, he had done just what he promised to do, and he said, 'My doubts are all gone. I don't know why, but they are gone.' You say, 'I doubt that story?' Well, try it for yourself.

Another man came across the street to me one night just at sunset, for, though he was an agnostic and I was a Christian minister, we were great friends. I don't believe that Christians ought to keep off somewhere where nobody of the ordinary kind can touch them. We are the salt of the earth, and we can never get on by putting the salt into one box and the meat into another. Well, suddenly he turned to me, as the sun had gone down, and there followed on a peculiar glow, and he felt the influence of the hour. He said to me suddenly, 'Mr. Torrey, I am 66 years of age; I have no one to leave my money to,'—he had quite a lot of it. 'I cannot take any of it with me, and I would give every penny of it if I could believe as you do.' He was an agnostic. 'Very well,' I said, 'I can tell you how—very easy.' 'Come in the house,' he said (we were standing on the doorstep of his house), and we stepped into the house, and I asked his wife for a sheet of paper, and wrote on it: 'I believe there is an absolute difference between right and wrong, and I hereby take my stand upon the right, to follow it wherever it carries me. I promise to make an honest search to find whether Jesus is the Son of God. If I find that he is, I promise to accept him as my Saviour and confess him as such before the world.' I said, 'Mr. H., read that. Will you sign that?' 'Why,' he said, 'anybody ought to be willing to sign that. What you ask me to sign is what my own conscience tells me I ought to do.' I said, 'Will you sign it?' He said, 'Anybody ought to be willing to sign that.' I said, 'Will you sign it?' He said, 'I'll think about it.' He never did sign it; he died as he had lived, without God and without hope; he went down into the darkness of a Christless eternity; but I ask you, whose fault was it? A way out of darkness into light had been shown, that he confessed his own conscience told him he ought to be willing to take, but he would not take it. Oh, are there men who are atheists and agnostics here to-night? Very well, so I used to be; but I was an honest man, and when the way was pointed out, I promised to see where it led, and, thank God, it led out of darkness and desolation into a clear faith that cannot be shaken, that this blessed Book is God's Word, and that the Christ in that Book is the Son of God.

'Well,' someone else says, 'I believe in the Bible just as much as you do, but I am waiting till I have enjoyed the world enough.' There are a great many of that kind in London; some of them have grown old and grey in that direction, and when they get tired of the world, they are going to turn to Christ. Their idea is this: After a while a man will grow tired of the world, and can give it up without an effort. That is a great mistake. The trouble about the world is this, that the longer you live for it the less enjoyment you get out of it, but the tighter its grip becomes on your shuddering soul. There will never be another night when it is so easy to give up the world as to-night. You know that is the case with a drinking man. There is pleasure in his first glass of beer, or wine, or champagne; the man feels like two men; but as the man goes on drinking there is less and less enjoyment in it, but the more complete the slavery becomes, until the man is at a place where he loathes alcohol as much as any prohibitionist, knowing it is robbing him of his brain-power, robbing him of his manhood, robbing him of the respect of the community, robbing him of the affection of his wife, robbing him of the confidence of his children, that it is taking the bread out of his children's mouths and the clothes off his wife's back, yet this man, hating alcohol, will march up to the bar and take a glass of liquid damnation, and drink it to the dregs. 'Yes,' you say, 'that is true.' It is as true of the love of money. The slavery of money is as hard and as degrading as the slavery of strong drink. It is harder to break; I had rather undertake to save ten drunkards than one money-lover. When a man takes to accumulating money, there is pleasure in the first ten pounds a man lays aside, the first hundred pounds, possibly the first thousand pounds, but as the man goes on accumulating, there is less and less pleasure, until there is none at all; but the man is a slave of the lust for gold.

It is just the same with a lift of pleasure. The first dance, the first card-party, the first theatre, why, the excitement of it, the pleasure of it, the exhilaration of it, are quite great; but as one goes out more and more, and it is a constant race from the dance to the theatre, and from one place of pleasure to another, there is less and less pleasure in it, but more and more complete does the slavery of it become every day. Oh, men and women, the time will never come when you have enjoyed the world enough. Furthermore, there is more joy in Jesus Christ in 24 hours than there is in the world in 365 days or 365 years. Try it, anybody. Furthermore, suppose while you are waiting until you have enjoyed the world enough, you are called out of the world. What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? One night I walked down the aisle of a meeting almost like this, and at the further end of the aisle two people were standing, singing, and I turned to one young lady, and said, 'Why don't you become a Christian to-night?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I enjoy the world too much,' and I looked her in the eye and simply quoted God's Word, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and passed on. The meetings went on, the last night

came, and the last meeting was over, and after I had gone home with my host there came a loud ringing at the door, and the lady of the house entered the room, and said, 'Dr. Torrey, there are two young ladies asking to see you.' I went to speak to them, and there was this very young lady, and she said, 'Oh, I don't enjoy the world any more. Ever since you spoke to me, your words have been ringing in my ears, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And I have brought my friend with me, so that you may tell us what to do to be saved to-night.' God grant that those words may ring in the ears of some of you men and women that are living for this deceitful world, until you cannot rest till you come to the Saviour to-night!

Another man says, 'That is not my difficulty; I am waiting for my friends,'—and I believe that is true of a good many persons in Mildmay Hall to-night. Women are waiting for their husbands, young ladies are waiting for other young ladies, lovers are waiting for their sweethearts, one is waiting for another. What shall I say to the one that stops back? You come to Christ first, and bring your friends along with you. If they love you as much as you do them, if you come to Christ, they will come too. It is better that you should take them to heaven with you than that they should take you to hell with them.

In a certain township a great revival had taken place. One night an invitation was given to inquirers after truth, and a certain lady started for the front, and as she started her husband laid his hand upon her shoulder to prevent her and she yielded. She never took another step to Christ. She drifted away from her convictions, she drifted into scepticism, into blank infidelity. This is how people become sceptic, by resisting the Spirit of God.

When the revival that I have referred to came to that community, all the infidels were greatly stirred up. A revival does always stir up infidels. So they were stirred up, and they said, 'We will send for one of our great infidel lecturers, and he will soon upset the work.' So they sent for Professor J., a friend of Colonel R. Ingersoll's, but it proved to be one of the most blessed things that were ever done, for a great many people who had not been converted at our meetings went and heard him, and they said, 'If that is infidelity, we are not going to have anything to do with it.'

While they were waiting for Professor J. to come, there was a little card-party one Saturday night, and this lady and her friends, were there. One o'clock on Sunday came, and they were still playing cards on the Lord's day. Sabbath-breaking and card-playing go hand-in-hand, you know. About one o'clock, I think it was, in the morning, this woman sprang to her feet, clapped her hand to her head, cried out, 'Oh!' and dropped down dead beside the table. I shall never forget meeting with that man, the first time after that awful day. He had never spoken to me before, but when I happened to walk into the pastor's office that man walked across, held out his hand, and, oh! what a grip of despair he gave my hand, saying he had sent his wife into a Christless eternity. Oh, don't wait for others. Come yourselves and bring them along.

Then someone else says, 'I am waiting for feelings.' I believe that is true of a great many. I believe there are many honest souls that would like to be Christians, but they think they have not got the right kind of feeling. There are two kinds of people waiting for feeling. First, those that are waiting for joy and peace. I said to a young lady once, 'Why are you not a Christian?' She said, 'I have not the right kind of feeling. These people have been talking about the joy and peace they have. I haven't any joy like that, and I cannot come to Christ till I get it.' 'Why,' I said, 'young lady, that joy and peace is the result of coming to Christ. You don't expect the result before you take the step? Suppose I should go to a sick men and say, "What is the matter with you?" "Oh," he says, "it is influenza." "Oh," I say, "I had that six weeks ago, but I took such and such a remedy for it, and I am quite well now." He sends for his man. "Here, John, run right down to the chemist, and get this remedy." He sends the man right off, and as soon as he comes back, he shows it to me and says, "Is that it?" Well, I take my leave, and when I call again I expect to find my friend up and well, but insead of that I find him in bed, and sicker than before, and I say, "I don't understand this; are you any better?" "No; I am worse." "Did you take the medicine?" "No; I did not take it all. You said it made you feel a great deal better, and I tried one dose, and did not feel any better; so I did not take any more." He expects the result of taking the medicine before giving it a fair trial.

Men and women, you are sinners. Christ is a Saviour. God offers him to you. Take him, and it is done, feeling or no feeling. Will you take him to-night? There is not one of you that has given a good reason for not coming. Every year that has gone, and brought you one year nearer eternity, is a reason for taking Christ to-night. Every saved friend you have got, is a reason for coming to Christ to-night, that you may spend eternity with them in heaven. Every unsaved friend you have is a reason for coming to Christ to-night, that you may bring him to him. Every thorn that pierced the Saviour's brow, every nail that was driven into his hands and feet, every lash that was laid upon his back, when he was wounded for your transgressions, when the chastisement of your peace was laid upon him, is a reason for accepting Jesus Christ to-night. Will you do it? Oh, there is awful risk in delay. An old author illustrates this by a striking story. He tells us that a man who was crossing the ocean, as he leaned over the rail of the vessel, noticed a man who was tossing something in the air, which, as it fell, sparkled with singular brightness, while he watched it eagerly, and caught it as it fell. Again the man threw it up into the air, and again it threw out its sparkling light, and he watched it, and caught it as it fell. The onlooker came up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and spoke to him. 'May I ask what that is that you are tossing up so carelessly?' 'Yes; it is a diamond.' 'Is it of much value?' 'Oh, of very great value. See the size of it, its fire, its purity; in fact, all I have in the world is in that diamond. I am going to a new country to seek my fortune. I have sold everything I had to put it into that diamond, to have it in portable shape.' 'But is it not a risk to toss it up so carelessly?' 'No risk at all. 'But there may come a last time.' 'Oh, no danger at all.' Again he throws it up, and again, and again; and once more he throws it up, and it flashes and blazes, and looks like a burning glow as it falls through the sunlight. He watches it so eagerly, but it falls too far out. He reaches over the rail, but he cannot reach far enough, and there is a little splash in the ocean. For a moment he stands aghast, and then he cries out, 'Lost! lost! all I have is lost!'

You say, 'No one would be so great a fool as that; that story is not true!' That story is true! And that man is here to-night. You are that man; that ocean is eternity; that vessel life; that diamond your soul, of such priceless value that Jesus put great enough value upon to die for it, and you have been trifling with it, and I come to-night and say to you, 'My friend, what is that in your hand?' 'My soul.' 'Is it worth much?' 'Worth more than the whole round earth; for what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' 'But don't you think you are taking an awful risk?' 'Oh, no,' you say; 'I have been doing this for the last five years, ten, fifteen, twenty years.' 'Yes; but you may do it once too much.' 'Oh, no, no'; and to-night, once more, you throw it up—once too much to save it! Plash, and you try to look after it, not in the impenetrable depths of the blue ocean, but in the unfathomable depths of the bottomless pit, and you cry, 'Lost! Lost! My soul is lost!' You will cry it some day! Come to-night before it is too late, and put your soul where it will be everlastingly safe, in the keeping of God.

Have a Family Altar.

Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's prayers, or that Episcopal prayer-book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend them to God. Do you think they will ever get over it? Never! After you are under the sod many years, there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him; it will bring him back from the path of sin and death. Are your children safe for heaven? You can tell better than anyone else. I put to you the question, 'Are your children safe for heaven?' I heard of a mother who, when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion, got out a great many of the valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—but did not think to ask until too late, 'Is my child safe?' It was too late then! The flames had consumed the poor child! Oh! my dear friend, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration, will your children be safe?—Dr. Talmage.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is Jan., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Manly Boy.

It was a crowded railway station. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and all hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box or bundle. Every five minutes a great stream of people flowed through the door, near which a young man stood and called, 'Rapid Transit for East New York!'

The gate was kept open but a moment and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place near the door, so many pushed against her she could not get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old, wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate. 'See there, Harry; see Fred; that's what he dashed back for!'

'No; you don't say so. I thought he went for the peanuts.'

'No, not for peanuts nor popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle.'

'Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her bundles?'

'Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?' And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

'Come along, Fred; come along. You'll be left again.'

'Never mind, boys; off with you. I'm going to see her through.'

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, 'Isn't he a goose?'

'No,' was the indignant answer; 'he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's I; and Fred makes me ashamed of myself.'

'Pooh, you didn't mean anything, you only gave it a push.'

'I know it, but I feel as mean as if Fred caught me picking her pocket.'

The train whirled away. The next one came. 'Rapid Transit for East New York; all aboard!' shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman; by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden. He put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his mother, he 'saw her through.' And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—'Silver Cross.'

Helen Lunt's Allowance Paper.

It was Tuesday, and on Thursday evening the members of the Welchville Church were to meet to decide upon the salary of the new minister. This, as everyone in the thrifty New England village knew, was a mere form; the limit of the amount annually paid their preacher was fixed by an unchangeable custom. Not a dollar more had been paid since the building of the imposing woollen mills on either side the splendid water-power, the pride of the village, than had found its way into the minister's hands years before, when the country population without any outside aid had vigorously struggled with the rocky hillside farms for a simple livelihood.

'It's a shame—only $450!' Helen Lunt spoke the words slowly and impressively, in order, if possible, to realize fully how little the amount really was. 'The church is abundantly able to pay double that paltry sum—and more!'

She opened the door on the wide veranda, and walked resolutely through the long hall to the dining-room.

'It wouldn't be quite so bad if the new minister hadn't so large a family—yes; it would, too! That isn't a reason why a man should be paid any more or less; he should receive what he's worth. And that's what no minister's received in Welchville since I can remember; $450! I wonder how far that would go towards the living expenses of Thomas Lockwood, even if he weren't the overseer of the flourishing woollen mills. Do you suppose Deacon Barrows, with only his one child, could live on that?'

'And father! He has no excuse—no more than the others, not a bit, for withholding as he does. He should be one of the most liberal contributors. Two farms, and $5 towards the minister's salary—$2.50 a farm!'

'I thought you had company, that perhaps Ann Wilkins had run in,' and Mrs. Lunt expectantly closed the kitchen door behind her. 'I was sure I heard voices.'

'You did—one, mother!'

It seemed very much in earnest for one,' replied Mrs. Lunt questioningly.

'Well, I was in earnest, and I had reason to be. On the way back with my pattern I stopped a moment at Mrs. Barrow's, and we got to talking about the new minister.'

'And his wife—how charming they all are! Didn't they like the sermon Sunday?' interrupted Mrs. Lunt with enthusiasm. 'I believe his sermon was every bit as interesting as the one Dr. Tubbs preached for us during the vacation. We're to be congratulated on having such a man as Mr. Folsom. It's a wonder a man with his ability ever consented to come here.'

'That's just it—on the miserly salary he's to get! Mrs. Barrows said he's to receive what the Welchville Church has been accustomed to pay—no more. It's a shame—a man with his ability—$450. It makes me blush when I think of it—and the community as well-to-do as this is!'

'But, my dear,' said Mrs. Lunt reassuringly, 'others have got along very comfortably on that amount. It isn't a wise policy to establish a precedent. Four hundred and fifty is what we've always paid. A minister shouldn't have extravagant tastes. You know the command about putting no scrip in one's purse.'

'It's an imposition—that's all,' disregarding her mother's remark. 'And I'm going to the meeting Thursday night, and tell them so. If they're not ashamed of themselves, I am of them—and father's just as much to blame as the rest.'

'What would people say?' emphasized Mrs. Lunt. 'You—going to the church meeting, telling Deacon Barrows, Thomas Lockwood, Judge Bean, and the rest what they ought to do—I'm surprised!'

Helen began to set the table, the look of determination on her face showing that her mind was 'made up.'

'Thirty dollars for clothes—that's such a small allowance,' but Helen set it down on the sheet of paper she held in her lap. 'Twas Wednesday afternoon, and she was alone in the cool, tastily furnished sitting-room. 'That's for boots, rubbers, overcoat, hats—everything he has to wear. Thirty dollars—that's for Mrs. Folsom,' and Helen smiled grimly as she set it down. 'I'll allow $20 a piece for each of the three children—that makes $60.'

She held the pencil a moment in her teeth, thoughtfully surveying the account before her.

'Thirty plus thirty plus sixty—that leaves, let me see. 120 from 450 leaves $330 for all the other expenses. I'll put down the keeping of the horse next. I can't let him have more than $35, and that will include hay, grain, shoeing, blankets, repairs on carriage and harness—and everything of that sort. $35! That leaves $295. Suppose I take out $10 for possible doctor's bills. There's $285 remaining. My! the fund's going too fast—and I haven't been extravagant.'

Helen turned over the paper, and did a bit of figuring on the back.

'Repairs? Yes; the minister always has to look out for repairs on his house. Let me see—I'll set aside another $10. The money's dwindled down to $275. The books for the children in school. $10 will not be a bit too much; that'll leave $265.

'A minister must have tools to work with. $20 a year is a small allowance for the books he ought to have—and then, papers and magazines, $10. Now I have $235. Then the tenth of his income for the Lord; that'll be,' and Helen turned the paper over again, '$45, leaving $190.' She thought a moment. 'I suppose he wouldn't have to give this way—but a minister's a minister.

'If we expect a preacher to do his best, he must have a vacation. I'll give him $40 for this, expenses for the whole family while they're away; 'tisn't as much as they ought to have. Now there's $150 left. Goodness me! And I haven't got half through yet—things they have to have, and not a cent set aside for their year's provisions!'

An hour later, after careful planning, the 'allowance-paper,' as Helen called it, was finished. 'Of course, I haven't allow-

ed all it ought to take,' she apologized to herself, 'not for a single item; but it's all I had to do with.'

On Thursday evening, the influential members of the church met at the vestry, to do a little routine business and decide on the minister's salary for the coming year. One hardly noticed Helen Lunt alone on a settee by the door. The preliminaries had been disposed of, after which Judge Bean addressed the company.

'I presume you all regard our new minister, Mr. Folsom, worthy to receive the same salary we've voted our former pastors.'

'Worthy!' thought Helen indignantly. 'Worthy! '

'I lay the matter before you. If no one has any objections to his receiving $450 —it's a good round sum—I suppose we're willing to——'

'I object to his receiving that amount,' protested a clear young voice in the rear. 'I do, decidedly!'

Judge Bean readjusted his glasses, while Deacon Barrows slowly arose to his feet before turning round in the direction from whence the protest came.

'Ahem! Perhaps it is a little too much,' pondered Judge Bean, again balancing his glasses on his forefinger. 'So $450 is objected to.'

'Yes, sir; and for these reasons.' Helen quietly left her seat by the door, and walked out to the front of the room, where she stood facing the little company. She deliberately unfolded the sheet of paper she carried in her hand.

'$30—for—clothes!' repeated Thomas Lockwood slowly, as Helen read, in a clear and distinct voice, the amount of the minister's salary she had allowed for this outlay. 'For clothes—all he's to have for the year! Why, my last winter's overcoat alone cost me $40!'

'$10—for doctor's bills. That wouldn't take them through their colds in a severe winter,' thought Deacon Barrows, meditatively, 'to say nothing of grown-up diseases.'

'I wonder if $30 means dresses, bonnets, summer and winter, shoes and stockings,' as well as the paying of the dressmaker,' pondered Mrs. Mason, who was able to follow no further than the item with reference to Mrs. Folsom's clothes. 'A good dress-maker'd cost more'n that.'

And so on to the end Helen read her list of expenses.

'That is why I object to $450. Not one thing have I given enough to, and I have been obliged to omit many other necessary bills—all for lack of funds.'

There was silence throughout the room. Not a person stirred. Helen's allowance-paper had come as a revelation. After an awkward pause, Thomas Lockwood slowly arose.

'Without further discussion,' he said, 'I move we increase our minister's salary to $1,000.'

'Second the motion,' exclaimed Ezra Lunt heartily.

The vote was carried without a dissenting voice.

'We'd a' done it before, had we only realized how little we were paying,' declared Deacon Barrows, grasping Helen's hand, as she followed her father out. 'No knowing how long we'd 'a' gone on this way if it hadn't been for that allowance-paper.'—'Christian Endeavor World.

Fag-End Religion

(Mrs. Charles F. Wilder.)

The minister's wife sat one afternoon with a number of the members of her husband's church, talking over the need of the various departments of the church as to workers. The Sunday-school had been the special subject of conversation. But at length she said:

'It's not only the Sunday-school that needs workers, but help is needed in almost every department of the church work. The Junior League needs some one to care for it, and we must have a new president for our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.'

'But you have charge of the league, and are president of our missionary society. Are you going away?' her friend asked in surprise.

'No, I am not going away, but I only took up the work because the last minister's wife had taken it, and there was no one prepared to do the work. I think real harm is done any church where the minister's wife carries all such loads. She leaves the society just as unable to go alone as it was when she came to it. I have a young woman who has helped me all this year with the Juniors, and I think she will be able to take that work. There is a young man whom Mr. Mansfield has been watching, and helping, and leading on and out, who will make a good president of the Senior League, if the young people are wise enough to choose him—Mr. Raymond.'

'What!—that shy young man?' said Mrs. Sloan Abel in surprise.

'Just the one, and almost the only one who is not personally seeking office for himself,' replied Mrs. Mansfield, sadly. 'It does not seem so hard to find material to carry on church work among the young people as it does among the more mature Christians, strange as it may be. Now our missionary society really worries me. Look at the women who never come near! There is Mrs. Baker, with her culture, her beautiful home, her natural gifts. See what a power she would be for Christ and humanity, if she would only allow herself to become interested in the work.'

'Let's lay siege to her heart for that very purpose?' said Mrs. Sloan Abel, who had a real talent for original plans. 'Let's ask her to allow us to meet at her house, and have her sing that beautiful missionary hymn. And let's plan a specially interesting programme, and I'll drop in some day, and politely suggest that she furnish light refreshments. She makes delicious tea, and is always glad to do that for any one. I'll take along a package of carefully selected literature on the subject of Missions, and if I can bring the topic of conversation to that channel, I'll try to induce her to read Julian Hawthorne's article in the 'Cosmopolitan' on 'The Famine in India,' and that wonderful book of John Hunt as 'Missionary among Cannibals at Fiji.' You know Bishop McCabe says that every Christian in the world ought to read this life of John Hunt. It is so fascinating it thrills one with interest and enthusiasm clear to the finger-tips. If she will only read about missionary work, of course she will become interested in it: Naturally people do not become very enthusiastic about something of which they stand in total ignorance. Let's pray and pray about helping Mrs. Baker to want to come among us, and do our very best to answer our own prayers; because, you know, God does not do for us what we can do for ourselves.'

'Oh, you do make me feel more hopeful,' said the pastor's wife. 'If you were only a minister's wife, in just one week you would understand why we get puzzled and perplexed, and sometimes discouraged. There are so few in the church who have every interest of church work on their hearts. If one part is a success, they would not lift their hand to save some other from being a failure. And so many don't care a fig for any of the work. They are like sponges—absorb what they can for themselves, and hope to sail to heaven "on flowery beds of ease." The superintendents of Sunday-school, league, missionary, church aid, and all the other societies have a right to lay their burdens before us. The members of the church must feel free to tell their perplexities, spiritual, social and financial, to the pastor and his wife, and it is one constant drain on intellect, heart, soul and body. Then that is not all; we see in the church the gifted, the wealthy, the intellectual, who might do so much for God and for their own church, disloyal to both. Then there are those who are lukewarm in everything regarding their religious lives and the life of the church of their choice. Oh, if—oh, if I could only make them understand what Christ meant when he said that those who would "save" their life should "lose" it! If only they would lay self on the cross; if only they would not try for a comfortable life—would not seek for happiness, but would simply do duty as influenced by the Heavenly Guide—why, they'd find happiness. They are all hunting for it in the wrong direction.'

'Giving a remnant of their time, talent, strength, money, to the Lord, instead of being a "co-worker,"' said Mrs. Sloan Abel.

'Why, yes; like those of whom Isaiah speaks, they have only a fag-end religion. You remember Isaiah tells about idolators who cut down trees, and made all sorts of utensils of them, and used up the fag-ends for idols. With Christians there are so many who do not "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" they seek that last—if they've time.'

'Oh, Mrs. Mansfield, why can't we lay these things, in a proper way, before the church some Sunday morning?' exclaimed Mrs. Sloan Abel.

'Why not?' replied the pastor's wife.

And these women saw, in their mind's eye, the superintendent as he spoke to the great church of the needs of his work, and their need of taking upon themselves these duties Christ left for them. They saw the missionary workers, the Sunday-school teachers, the trustees, the stewards, the minister, each with well-chosen words laying before the great congregation the needs of each part of the great work.

And the women talked with the pastor about giving intelligence on all these topics, and asked him: 'Why not?'

And they had the meeting. The Sunday-school and missionary workers said: 'Why not?' The official member said: 'Why not?'

And they had the meeting. The church was crowded; the choir was inspired; the pastor said a few soul-stirring words; and prayers were offered; the treasurer told his story; the stewards told how they had

worked; and every department told of its needs.

And the people heard gladly. They brought their 'offerings,' and came up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. —Exchange.

Slain By Her Parrot.

Miss Alice Knott, of 803 Twelfth Street, Washington, was slain by her little green parrot. The bird turned on the gas in Miss Knott's bedroom, and before the other people in the house realized her danger, the young lady was killed by the poisonous element. The parrot has often turned on the gas before with its beak. It seemed to enjoy the effects of the escaping illuminant, and would hold its head over the jet until put to sleep by it. Those who lived in the house jokingly called the bird a 'gas fiend,' as it would go from room to room and turn on the gas jets as quickly as possible. In the morning, the door and windows of the little bedroom occupied by the unfortunate young woman were tightly shut, which prevented the other people in the house from detecting the odor of the escaping gas, and gave the poison a chance to work its deadly end on Miss Knott, who has been ill lately. When she was found, the physicians say, she had been dead several hours. The parrot lay on the floor near the door, nearly asphyxiated, but he recovered. Several times others besides Miss Knott have had narrow escapes from asphyxiation from the bird's mischievousness, but the danger has always been discovered in time. Many people treat their failings like these foolish people treated this parrot's mischievousness. Instead of stopping error they encourage it, till at last it works their death, —'Christian Herald.'

An Animal's Attachment.

There were two Hanoverian horses which assisted in drawing a gun, during the whole Peninsular war, in a brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement, after which the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food was then brought to him. He refused to eat it, and kept constantly turning to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted to induce him to eat, but without effect! Other horses surrounded him on all sides. He paid no attention to them; his whole demeanor indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted food from the time his companion fell.—The 'Sunday Friend.'

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Muriel's Day

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The kitchen was hot, for Muriel was hurrying through with the work. There had been bread to bake, and ironing to do; but that was nearly finished now. Mother had gone out to spend the day, and father would not be home to dinner, two very unusual events. With mother's consent, Muriel had promised herself the afternoon, the whole long beautiful summer afternoon, with Beatrice, her dearest friend. Muriel knew just how lovely it would be. First, they would go up to Beatrice's own room, all draped in white with its pretty brass bed, its softly tinted walls, its pretty pictures; and there they would talk and plan as only girls can. After that, there would be tea in the cool dining-room, then a long happy evening with music and the games, and home again.

'I can hardly wait,' sighed Muriel blissfully. 'Eleven o'clock,' glancing at the little kitchen clock; 'only two more shirtwaists, and then I can really begin to get ready. I won't get any dinner, it's so hot; and, as there's only I, I'll just take bread and milk. It's so lovely I can go up to see Beatrice! Holidays don't come often. How glad she'll be, and how happy I am!'

Her fresh, sweet, tuneful voice broke inspiringly into the beautiful hymn:

'He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, wher'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.'

It was easy to sing that song that morning when the way led through such pleasant places, and Muriel sang blithely on, thinking of her happy afternoon. She had reached the third verse, and was filling the house with melody:

'Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.'

Just then a step sounded on the walk, and a shadow fell across the door. Muriel looked up. A queer little woman stood before her. She wore a plain, rusty black sailor hat that was set a little awry over very white, and not overtidy hair. Her skirt was short, not reaching further than her ankles. Her waist was one of black and white calico, and she wore no gloves. In her hands she carried a package and a small preserving-kettle.

'If it isn't Miss Annie!' thought Muriel with a quick look of dismay.

Little Miss Annie Atkins was known all over the village. She was old, quite old, but she would not admit it even to her friends.

'Good morning, Muriel,' began Miss Annie briskly, walking into the kitchen as nimbly as a girl. 'I thought I'd come up and spend the day, as I had to bring the kettle home. I had a dress to make, and I thought while I was here I'd get you to help me with the skirt. I bought me a gingham the other day; and if I don't get it started now, I don't know when I will. So here I am. Where's your mother?'

'She's gone out to spend the day,' replied Muriel with a little lump in her throat.

'Has she? Oh, well, that won't make any difference,' answered Miss Annie cheerfully. 'All I want for dinner is a cup of tea and a slice of bread. You've been baking, I see. I wouldn't mind having some of your mother's crab-apple jelly, either, and I guess you might cook me an egg. It's warm in here. What makes you keep your kitchen so hot?'

Muriel's face flushed, and a quick answer trembled on her lips; then she choked it back.

'I've been ironing and baking, Miss Annie,' she answered quietly. 'It's cooler in the sitting-room; we'll go in there.'

She led her visitor in, seated her in mother's easy chair, took her hat, put it away, then went into the kitchen to think the situation over. Miss Annie had known mother when she was a girl, and she still came to visit her. Miss Annie was very poor, and she lived in one room in one of the blocks down-town, where she did her own cooking and housework.

If she had been a nice old lady with beautiful soft hair and sweet, gentle ways, Muriel would not have minded waiting on her; but she wasn't, and now she had come to spoil Muriel's day. Miss Annie was peculiar and eccentric, and not especially considerate of other people and their feelings. She said just what she thought, and she had a sharp, quick tongue, too. The result was that she had few friends, and no one really loved her. Still, mother had always pitied her and had been as kind to her as she knew how.

Miss Annie was old now, nearly seventy. She was afraid some of her friends would suggest her going to the Old Ladies' Home; so she lived on next to nothing, and would not give in to the infirmities of age that were now afflicting her. She went about with a quick, firm step, disdaining glasses, though she really needed them.

Muriel did not care much for Miss Annie. She usually left her to her mother, but to-day there was no mother to leave her to. What should she do? Should she go in and tell Miss Annie she was going out for the day?

She tiptoed softly to the sitting-room door, and looked in. Miss Annie was sitting in mother's chair, resting comfortably. For the first time Muriel noticed how frail and shrunken she looked, how bent her shoulders, and how white her hair.

It was cool in the shaded sitting-room with its vases of fragrant summer flowers, but outside a hot sun beat down upon the housetops. The pavements fairly burned under one's feet.

'If I send her away now,' thought Muriel soberly, 'she'll have to walk that long distance back to her room, and climb those steep steps; and I suppose she hasn't so much to eat after she gets there, but oh, I do want to go up to see Beatrice. Mother said I might, and I—I planned on it so.'

The tears came to her eyes; for Muriel was only a girl, and she was disappointed; then the words of the little hymn she had sung so happily only a few minutes before, flashed into her mind:

'Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine.'

She stood still with a new expression on her face. 'I won't tell her,' she whispered softly. 'Make yourself comfortable, Miss Annie,' she called out cheerily; 'I'll soon have lunch ready.'

'Be sure and have the tea strong enough,

then,' replied Miss Annie promptly. 'If there's anything I do despise, it's weak tea; and have you got any ice?'

Muriel nodded. She felt she could not speak.

'I'll take iced tea, then,' she added, as if she were ordering a meal of a waitress.

Muriel flushed a little again: then she took herself firmly in hand again. 'I'll make the tea strong enough, Miss Annie,' she said gently, as she went back into the kitchen.

Once in a while the old rebellion surged up again as she went about her task, but she tried her best to be cheerful; still, it did seem too bad. There was Beatrice waiting for her; there lay her pretty pink shirt-waist with its crisp collar, all ready for the wearing; and there in the next room sat Miss Annie, alert, expectant, and coolly critical; and, after all, she was nothing to her.

'Yes, she is, too,' thought poor Muriel. 'She's God's child the same as I am; and, if she hasn't much grace in her heart, why that doesn't excuse me. Perhaps he sent her here.'

When she went into the sitting-room again, Miss Annie had Muriel's hat in her hands. It was a pretty hat and Muriel's best one. Muriel had taken it from its box to wear that afternoon.

'You do have a sight of hats, child,' Miss Annie began as soon as Muriel entered. 'I don't see how your mother can afford it when your father doesn't get any more salary than he does.'

'Aunt Ellen sent me that one,' replied Muriel, biting her lips. 'I haven't many hats.'

She was growing angry when she took herself to task again. 'I musn't mind what she says,' she told herself. 'Mamma doesn't. She's old and queer and poor, and there's no one to really care for her, and I—I have everything.'

She called Miss Annie out to lunch a few minutes afterward. Muriel had set the table with especial care. The cloth was spotless: a folded napkin lay at Miss Annie's plate; and Muriel had opened a glass of mother's crab-apple jelly. A plate of cracked ice stood at one corner of the table; and there were bread, cold ham, and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Miss Annie took in the contents of the table at a glance. 'I'd have liked a fried egg better,' she announced, as she took her seat: 'but I guess I can make out.'

'Make out.' Muriel flushed again. This was all the thanks she would receive for the little lunch with which she had taken such pains.

'Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur nor repine,'

she whispered in her heart; then she felt herself a conqueror again.

'I think you'll like these, Miss Annie,' she replied gently. 'Mother taught me how to scramble eggs, and mother's such a nice cook.'

Miss Annie did not answer, but she managed to make an excellent meal. She drank three glasses of iced tea, and praised the eggs, after all.

When she had finished, she rose. 'Now, I guess we'll get to work on that dress,' she said briskly. 'You can just stack the dishes away and wash them after I am gone. There aren't so many. You can commence on the skirt while I cut out the waist.'

Muriel got up from the table reluctantly. For a moment she battled with her better self again. Why should she sit and sew all that lovely summer afternoon? What if Miss Annie did need the dress? What if she were shabby? Wasn't Beatrice waiting for her? Wasn't she entitled to a little good time? Oh, why didn't Miss Annie come some other day?' Then she thought again. Perhaps—perhaps it was God's way.

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.'

After all, Miss Annie did not come often, and yes, she would help her with her dress. For so young a girl Muriel was a beautiful needlewoman, and before long the machine was humming merrily. All that long summer afternoon Muriel sewed steadily. She tucked the skirt, got the proper length, fitted it nicely, and poor, shabby little Miss Annie looked quite a different creature in it. When she rose at last from the sewing machine, the skirt was nearly done. Then Miss Annie took the vacant chair. 'I want to tuck this front,' she added. 'You've done real well with that skirt, Muriel,' she added.

Muriel watched the bent little figure set to work. 'Are you sure you can see to do that tucking, Miss Annie?' she added a little anxiously. Now that the skirt was such a success, she did not want the waist to spoil it. 'You know tucking is painstaking work.'

'Of course I can,' was the quick answer. 'Haven't I tucked dresses all my life? I can't see quite as well as I used to, but it won't make any difference if the tucks are not even.'

Miss Annie set briskly to work, Muriel watched the proceedings with dismay; for some of the tucks were long, some short, some big, some little. With a sigh, at last Miss Annie stopped.

'Well, I guess I've done enough for one day,' she exclaimed with a tired sigh. 'Five o'clock. I'll take my dress and be going. I'll finish it some other day.'

Muriel looked at the littered floor. What a hard, disappointing day it had been! She stooped and picked up a piece of goods; then with a heroic resolution she made her sacrifice complete. 'Miss Annie,' she said, slowly, 'if you'll leave your dress, I'll finish it. It won't be much work.'

Miss Annie's sharp, weary little face softened. 'Will you really, child?' she cried relievedly. 'Well, I will be glad. I don't like to sew much these days. It tires me.'

Without a word Muriel took the dress. The piece of goods Miss Annie had tucked she separated from the rest. 'Why, she must be nearly blind to sew like that,' she thought, pityingly. 'I'll tuck a new front for her, and she'll never know the difference.'

A trim little figure darkened the window for a moment. Muriel looked up. 'Why, mother's come home again,' she exclaimed happily; then she thought to herself, 'Now there'll be supper to get, dishes to wash, and I—I didn't see Beatrice.'

In her room that night Muriel leaned out of the window. It was a starlit night, and a cool little breeze stirred the white curtains. Muriel sat down by the window, and thought it all over. 'It's been such a hard day,' she whispered, 'and I'm tired; and yet I did right, I'm sure I did. Poor little Miss Annie! I do feel sorry for her.'

She saw again the little frail figure with it's white hair. 'I'm so glad I stayed,' she added. 'She's old and poor, and nearly blind; and I helped her if she didn't thank me. She's one of God's children, the same as I am; and he'll be pleased, I'm sure he will, with the little self-denial I made.'

Again her sweet voice hummed softly the hymn she had sung so differently in the morning, that selfsame morning that had promised such a different day.

'Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.'

She sang it with her heart, for the day had not been an easy one. 'Yes,' she whispered softly, 'in disappointments and trials And little troubles and worries, as well as in happiness and joy, I can still sing, "He leadeth me."'

A Rich Boy.

'Oh, my,' said Ben, 'I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school.'

'I say, Ben,' said his father, turning round quickly, 'how much will you take for your legs?'

'For my legs?' said Ben, in surprise.

'Yes! What do you use them for?'

'Why, I run and jump and play ball, and oh, everything.'

'That's so,' said the father. 'You wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?'

'No, indeed!' answered Ben, smiling.

'And your arms, I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?'

'And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?'

'No, sir.'

'Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?'

'I wouldn't like it at all.'

'Think a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for so much?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see now,' his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper; 'legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars at the very lowest figure, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your schoolmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner and think how rich you really are.'—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

THE RED HOUSE WITH BLUE SHUTTERS.

'Daphne,' said the woman, sweetening a little, 'Captain Jones says that is your name, and that you are an honest, industrious woman. Do you think that you will be able to pay the rent regularly?'

'I has a right to my name,' said Daph, straightening up her stout figure. 'Missus had it gib to me like any white folks, when she had me baptized. I isn't particular about having all of it, so most folks calls me Daph. Is I honest? Look me in de eye, and answer dat yourself. Is I industrious? Look at dat arm, and dese ere fingers: do they look if I was lazy?'

The clear eye, muscular arm, and hard work-worn hand were indeed the best assurances the doubtful questioner could have received.

'As to de rent,' added Daph, 'my missus's children isn't widout money.' As she spoke, she gave her pocket a hearty shake, which produced a significant chinking, that seemed quite satisfactory.

'You are a queer one!' said the woman, 'but you may as well look at the room. It's just in front, you passed it as you came in.'

Daph stepped to the door of the front room, pushed it open, and looked around her, with her head thrown a little on one side, as if that position were favorable to forming a correct judgment as to its merits.

'Well, it do be rader small,' she said, after a few moments dignified consideration. 'But den, it be proper clean, and two winder to de street, for de children. Haven't ye got anything to put in it; no chair, nor table, nor such like?'

'You will have to furnish it for yourself,' said the woman, 'but you shall have the room on reasonable terms.'

The bargain was soon made, but whether on reasonable terms or not, Daph had but little idea, though she prudently concealed her ignorance.

Once in her own domain, Daph sat down on the floor, and giving each of the children a huge sea-biscuit, she took them in her arms, and began to wave to and fro, singing one of the wild negro melodies which spring up wherever the African race take root.

The weary children were soon in a sound sleep, and then Daph laid them carefully down on the clean floor, covered them with the shawls she had found so useful, and then sat stock still beside them, for a few moments, lost in deep thought. After a while, she took from her pocket the purse the captain had given her, and her own store of small change, wrapped in its bit of rag. The latter she had laid aside, saying, 'That must do for eat. That Daph's own. Now dis, Daph us' borry from the cap'in. Massa's children don't have to come to livin' on other people, when Daph's on her feet. Cap'in Jones got he money's worth in that beauty gold chain I puts in his hand, and he not know it.'

Here Daph gave a real negro chuckle at the thought of the artifice which had made her feel at liberty to use the money so kindly given her, without accepting charity, from which she revolted, as well for herself as for her master's children.

'Now Daph must be gettin' dis place in order quick, or de children will be wakin' up,' said Daph, as she rose hastily with the air of one prepared for action. She carefully closed the shutters, locked the door behind her, and, putting the key in her pocket, set off to make her purchases.

CHAPTER V.

DAPH'S SHOPPING.

Daph had observed a small cabinet-maker's shop, not far from her new home, and to it she easily made her way. The sight of two little wooden chairs, painted with the usual variety of wonderfully bright colors, attracted her attention, and suggested her plan of operations.

'It's for de childen I'se buyin',' she said, 'and what's de use of payin' a big price for grown-up things? I just wants two chairs and a few tings to match for de dears.' When Daph was thus soliloquizing, the shopman came forward, and she promptly addressed him as follows, 'I'se jus' come, sar, to buy de fixin' ob a little room for my massa's childen, General Louis la Tourette.'

Daph mentioned her master's name with a pompous air, and with great distinctness, which had their effect on the humble cabinet-maker. He moved about very briskly, and Daph soon had displayed before her all the small articles of furniture he had on hand.

The bright yellow chairs adorned with the wonderful roses and tulips, were first set aside; then followed a little table, painted in the same fanciful manner; and lastly, a good-sized trundle-bed, of a somewhat less gaudy appearance.

'I'se in a most partickler hurry, jus' now,' said Daph, 'would you jus' hab de kindness to get for de bed jus' what will make it look neat and comfable—not too nice for childen to play on—while I steps out for a few notions as I'se obliged to git?'

The shopkeeper kindly complied, while Daph went on her way, delighted at being thus able to have what the children would need for comfort, a matter about which she felt herself quite ignorant in this new climate.

I JUST WANTS TWO CHAIRS AND A FEW THINGS TO MATCH FOR MY MISSE'S CHILDREN.

(To be continued.)

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

A Pair of Doll's Shoes.

(By L. A. Scott, in 'Congregationalist.')

Charlie ran into the house, upstairs, and then down to the kitchen with his usual cry: 'Where is my ball? Anybody seen my ball?'

When he reached the kitchen he stopped in the middle of the floor, for there was Dorothy, crying as if her heart would break. One small foot was lifted to a chair, and her mother was bathing the ankle with hot water and something which smelled like a drug store.

'What's the trouble? Toe-ache?'

'No, dear,' his mother answered, 'Dorothy has sprained her ankle.'

'O!' Charlie came nearer and saw how it was swollen.

'It's too—too bad!' sobbed Dorothy. 'I don't mind the ache so much, but—I can't—go—for my—doll's shoes,' and she covered her eyes again with her tear-soaked handkerchief.

'Doll's shoes? Who cares?' Charlie inquired.

'I do. They're given away for nothing at Ball and Bailey's—and all the girls"—

'Huh! Ball an' Bailey wouldn't do it, would they, Ma?'

'Yes, the "Times" said so yesterday. 'It's to advertise Glossman's shoe polish. Yes, all the little girls within the city limits are invited to bring their dolls and have them fitted. Dorry's Wilhelmina has never had a pair of nice shoes.'

'Never!' wailed the little mother.

'I think it would be very nice if you, Charlie, would take the doll up. Dorry's friends have their own dolls, and they expect her to join them out on the square to take a car.'

Charlie's face had flushed to the roots of his hair. 'Me? Take Dorry's doll? Why, Ma Allen, what do you think I'm made of?'

'Oh, sugar and spice and all that's nice.'

Dorothy glanced up hopefully.

'Don't you remember, Charlie Allen, how I stayed in and read to you when you had the measles?'

'Huh! that wasn't hard; but—a boy with a doll baby! None of the other fellers would. The Stars wouldn't have me for captain another minute.'

'I'm sorry if the Stars have given up doing kind things,' said Mrs. Allen.

'O mother!' you don't understand.'

Charlie picked up his ball from behind the door and went out. He stood in the yard tossing it up and catching it in an aimless fashion. Two little girls with dolls hurried by. He looked after them, then turned and went in scowling and kicking the pebbles from the path.

'Look here,' he said, throwing down his ball with unnecessary force, 'I'll have to jump into my clothes if I go, an', Ma, you'll have to wrap up that doll baby so it'll look like a chicken 'r somethin'.'

When Charlie came down, the lovely Wilhelmina Holland was tied up like a mummy, and he caught it and dashed away, Dorry sending after him a tremulous, 'Be careful of her, won't you?'

Longwood was a suburb of S—, and two miles from Ball and Bailey's. When Charlie reached the square he found the 'half-past car' ready to start, and well filled with a laughing, chattering crowd of little girls, each with a doll tenderly clasped in her arms.

'Where's Dorry?' they inquired, anxiously, as he swung himself to a seat.

'Spraint her ankle this morning.'

'Isn't that too bad!' exclaimed Mamie Brent, Dorry's best friend. 'Now she can't have any'—

Katie Wells nudged Mamie and looked significantly at Charlie's package. 'Oh!' Mamie understood. Then Katie whispered to the next little girl, and very soon a dozen pairs of bright eyes were looking his way and such a giggling and shrugging of small shoulders followed as is seldom seen in an electric car.

'Why don't you take her out of the paper?' Mamie whispered, kindly. 'You're holding her by the feet, and that isn't the right way.'

'Don't you think you know a lot?' Charlie returned, his face growing very red. Then he turned quite away and watched the landscape.

As they left the car, Charlie was dismayed by the crowd. There were nurse girls with babies and dolls, mothers leading tiny tots and carrying dolls, rich little mothers with dainty doll babies and poor little mothers with the merest wrecks, whose pudgy feet no shoes would ever fit—all eager to share in the free distribution. As the crowd approached the door they were obliged to form in line, but Charlie had no idea of being among the last. 'It'll be time for the game before I get 'round if I do,' he said to himself, working his way toward the door, holding his 'chicken' carefully out of harm's way. Without pushing or jostling he held every inch he gained.

'Oh, there's a boy!' he heard a tall girl exclaim, 'and boys aren't invited.'

'No, indeed!' her companion said.

'I guess Mr. Ball and Bailey will put him out in a hurry.'

Just in front of these girls was a little hunchback with a scrap of a rag baby, and they looked at her scornfully.

'You'll never get shoes to fit that thing, so you better go home,' said one. 'You're right in our way too,' added the other, and then

they crowded forward till the child was forced out of line.

'No, you don't!' said Charlie, and with a strong hand he drew the now sobbing child back to her place, stepping in between her and the girls.

'Isn't he horrid?' they whispered. 'Boys haven't any business here anyway—and without a doll, too.'

Then Charlie realized that they suspected what was in his package, for they began to laugh and call attention to it. But the captain of the Stars held up his chin and worked toward his 'base' without wavering. Reaching the 'dolls' shoe counter,' he took off Wilhelmina's wrappings, shook out her pretty muslin dress and awaited his turn.

'She's a beauty,' said the smiling clerk; 'your sister's?'

'Yes,' she spraint her ankle an' couldn't come. But 'tend to her first.'

'Her,' was the little hunchback, whose head hardly reached the counter.

'O yes! but I don't believe'—and the clerk bit her lip as she brought to view the shapeless feet of the old rag doll. 'Maggie, isn't this a "case"?'

'Sure,' said the other clerk, and then they gave the poor little mother a doll with fluffy hair, a red dress and shoes! One glance of surprise, a whispered 'thank you' and it was Charlie's turn.

'You see we knew there would be such cases, so some of us bought a lot of cheap dolls to give out rather than see the poor things disappointed,' the clerk explained, as she took Wilhelmina.

'I'm glad to see one boy, and such a boy,' she continued. 'We didn't suppose there were so many dolls in the city. I only hope there'll be shoes enough.'

'How many did you have?' Charlie asked, looking at the big boxes.

'We started with four thousand pairs. There! I think your sister will call that a good fit,' and with another smile she handed back the doll, its feet covered with a pair of shining vici kid boots.

When Charlie reached home there was Dorry watching beside the window, her bandaged foot on a hassock.

'O Charlie Allen, aren't you good!' she cried, her eyes shining as she examined the neatly fitted boots.

'They're just lovely! I'll do as much for you sometime.'

'Nev' mind,' Charlie responded, running upstairs for his 'field suit.' In a remarkably short time he was on his way to the ball ground, eating a big spicy cooky as he went. His mother did not say one word when she gave it to him, but she looked at him and smiled in a way that makes a boy particularly happy.

Seeing Things at Night.

'When I go to bed, mamma, I don't know what to think about,' said little Helen. 'I see things in the dark, and think about such scaresome things that it keeps me awake.'

'If you should see a flock of black, croaking ravens, and a flock of pure, white cooing doves, coming towards you, which would you hold out your hands to?' asked mamma.

'To the doves, of course,' was the quick answer.

'I think you would. You might not be able to keep the ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this with the thoughts that are flying like birds at night, my dear. Don't give room for a minute in your mind to the troublesome thoughts that you call scaresome. Let the white doves of sweet and happy thoughts come in and stay till you go to sleep. I'll tell you how to coax them. First, send up a little prayer to Jesus to give you thoughts about him. Then say over some Bible verses, or some little hymn that you know, and keep turning your mind to what is pleasant and good. Don't you see if your heart, like a cage full of doves, has no room for troublesome things, like croaking ravens, they can't crowd in? If you think of happy things when you go to sleep, you will wake with sweet thoughts, and this makes a good beginning for a new day.'

Mamma's advice to Helen about night thoughts will do to pass on to other girls and boys, who can try this plan. We feel quite sure it will be helpful to them.

It is always a good plan before going to sleep to review the work of the day, and seek forgiveness for anything we have done amiss.—'Young Folks'.

Doing 'Even So.'

'Did you order the soup-bone on your way to school this morning, Sam? Because it didn't come.'

'Why, no mother! I forgot it.'

Sam's mother looked more vexed than you might have expected; for, of course, little boys will forget sometimes, and people have to be patient with them.

But Sam was not surprised; he knew that it was not just now and then that he forgot; it was almost all the time. He forgot to open the window in the morning when he left his bed-room, and mother always had to attend to it; he forgot to shut the front door behind him, he forgot to wear his overshoes when it rained; he forgot to wash his hands and brush his hair for dinner; he forgot to feed the goldfish; he forgot to water the geraniums—oh, the list would be so long you would fall asleep over it, were I to tell you all the things Sam constantly forgot to do.

And he did not seem to think that it was his fault; he always said, 'I forgot,' as if it were a perfectly good excuse.

'I am going to give you some medicine, little boy,' said his mother, 'to improve your memory.'

'Medicine, mother? Out of a bottle?'

'No, not out of a bottle; you'll find out about it presently.'

That night at tea Sam's cup had no sugar in it, and he made a very wry face. 'Oh, I told Hannah she might forget the sugar,' said his mother; 'you are used to forgettings.'

My! what a week that was! Everything went wrong with Sam. There was no salt in his oatmeal, no spoon at his plate, no gown under his pillow, no fire in his bedroom, no water in his pitcher, no buttons on his shirtwaist; the things that other people had been used to doing for him all went undone, and to every complaint his mother answered, smiling 'Why, Sam, you ought not to mind people forgetting.'

But mothers do not like to see their little boys unhappy, or even uncomfortable; so pretty soon this mother said: 'Suppose we start over again, little son, and keep the golden rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men, women and children should do to you, or for you, do you even so."'—'Mayflower.'

LESSON IV.—JAN. 24.

Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.

Luke iv., 16-30.

Golden Text.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not. John i., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday Jan. 18.—Luke iv., 16-30.
Tuesday, Jan. 19.—Is. lxi., 1-11.
Wednesday, Jan. 20.—Luke vii., 18-23.
Thursday, Jan. 21.—Matt. ii., 13-23.
Friday, Jan. 22.—John i., 43-51.
Saturday, Jan. 23.—Mark vi., 1-16.
Sunday, Jan. 24.—Jer. ii., 5-19.

16. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

17. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

18. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

19. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

22. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

23. And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.

24. And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country.

25. But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land;

26. But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow.

27. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian.

28. And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath,

29. And rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.

30. But he passing through the midst of them went his way.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

After the temptation of Jesus we read in the 14th verse of this chapter that he 'returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee,' and in the 15th verse that 'he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.' If you will look at a map you will see that Nazareth was located in the southern part of Galilee. In coming to Galilee Christ was returning to the region in which he had spent the greater part of his life. John mentions a brief period in Judea between the time of Christ's baptism and his going into Galilee. In Galilee Christ taught in their synagogues, perhaps after the manner described in this lesson.

A synagogue corresponded somewhat to our church, it being a place where the Jews assembled to hear the Scriptures read and expounded. The great centre, however, of the Jewish religion, and the scene of its solemn rites was the temple at Jerusalem. We find him in this lesson at Nazareth, his home town, where the people seem to be surprised that 'Joseph's son' should thus speak to them. The time of this lesson was about fifteen months after the events described last week.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 16. 'And he came to Nazareth . . . . and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.' After some time spent in other parts of Galilee, Jesus comes to his home town, and, as he has been doing elsewhere, he goes into the synagogue on the sabbath and stands up to read from the Old Testament, which formed the Scriptures of the Jews. This may mean that he had been accustomed during his life at Nazareth to attend the synagogue regularly.

17. 'The book of the prophet Esaias.' A synagogue was not a place of great formality. Any prominent or capable person might be invited to speak. Such a person stood at a reading desk while reading, but sat down to add any remarks of his own. Notice that Christ sought a particular place in the prophecy of Isaiah.

18-19. Read Isaiah lxi., 1, 2. Prof. A. B. Bruce says concerning Christ's reading of this passage: 'The Hebrew was probably first read, then turned into Aramaean (the common language of the Jews at that time) and then preached by Jesus.' 'The poor,' verse 18, does not mean necessarily the poverty-stricken, but those who had any need in order to their best welfare, as for instance a knowledge of salvation.

Notice that Jesus stopped abruptly in his reading. Isaiah lxi., 2, reads, 'To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God,' etc. Why did he stop at this point? They had not yet finally rejected him, and hence the time for proclaiming the day of vengeance of God had not come.

20-22. Closing the book he sat down to speak to the people, and his opening words startled them. 'This day is this scripture fulfilled.' He was the Messiah long expected, in whom the hopes of the nation and the utterances of their prophets had centred. They wondered at his gracious words, and were the more astonished that they were uttered by Jesus, this fellow townsman of theirs, whom they had known from his boyhood.

23-27. Christ was quick to note their feelings toward him. He saw that they would demand of him such works as he had done elsewhere, but Christ would not condescend to work miracles to satisfy a sneering, unbelieving audience. See Matthew xiii., 53-58. He cites two cases of miracles in the Old Testament, both of those benefited being persons foreign to Israel. His own people would not have in him that faith which would admit of his working miracles.

This rejection at Nazareth was a type of his rejection by Israel. His own nation did not receive him, so that Christ was not able at his first coming to set up the kingdom long foretold, but there had to follow the long period commonly known as the Christian era, which is a sort of parenthesis in the plan of God for the work of his Son upon earth. At the close of this era it will be resumed.

28-30. His utterances about their unbelief filled his hearers with wrath. They, respectable Jews, who went up each year to the national feasts, who were even now assembled to hear the Scriptures divinely given to their fathers, to be rebuked by this townsman of theirs! It was too much, and they drew him to a precipice to cast him down, but Jesus 'passing through the midst of them went his way.' By some this is thought to have been a miracle, by others that the majesty of Christ prevented the culmination of their violence.

So did his teaching later cause his death to satisfy the furious Jewish multitude. His own nation refused him, as his own townsmen did in this case.

A thought from the lesson is that we may be very familiar with the letter of Scripture and yet be unable to appreciate its grand import. The Jew had become so concerned with his ceremonies, his law and its outward observance, that he could not recognize his Messiah whom these things foreshadowed.

Next week the lesson is, 'Jesus Calls Four Disciples.' Luke v., 1-11.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Jan. 24.—What if Christ came to our town? John iv., 28-30, 33-42.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

Monday, Jan. 18.—The Garden of Eden. Gen. ii., 8-15.

Tuesday, Jan. 19.—God's command. Gen. ii., 16, 17.

Wednesday, Jan. 20.—The first man and woman. Gen. ii., 18-25.

Thursday, Jan. 21.—How they were tempted. Gen. iii., 1-5.

Friday, Jan. 22.—Their sin. Gen. iii., 6.

Saturday, Jan. 23.—Their punishment. Gen. iii., 7-24.

Sunday, Jan. 24.—Topic—The first temptation. Gen. iii., 1-6; Matt. iv., 1-11.

Those scholars who have definitely yielded to Christ should, of course, be linked to the Church as soon as possible by means of the usual methods of Church membership. Thenceforward for each of them should be found something to do, something that can be regarded as their own work. They might help in some way at the Band of Hope, or Scripture Union, as monitors or registrars. Or the services of elder scholars could be utilized as tract or church magazine distributors. And if it be at all possible, a little prayer-meeting of the young believers in a school or class would soon prove of real service in their Christian growth. At this point the value of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society will be fully realized. The two essentials of all Christian life and growth are fellowship and service, and of young people they are pre-eminently true and necessary.—The Rev. H. Griffith-Thomas.

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How to Save the Boys.

A banker in Allegan county, Mich., three or four years ago voted to license the saloons, and they were brought back into the county. A few weeks ago ex-Senator Humphrey was at a hotel in Allegan, and looking out he saw the banker walking back and forth in front of the hotel barroom and looking in when any one opened the door. The senator went out and spoke to the banker.

The banker said: 'Senator, I am uneasy about my boy. Do you think he may be in the saloon? Did you see anything of him?'

'Yes, I saw him in the back room of the saloon playing cards and drinking,' replied Senator Humphrey.

The father seemed speechless for a moment, and then from a heart full of distress he cried out, 'O God! how shall I save my boy from ruin?'

'You have a grave problem to solve.'

'I would give half I am worth to destroy every saloon in the country,' said the banker.

'Ah, it seems cruel to remind you of it now, but you should have come to that conclusion when we wanted you to join in the fight to keep them out of the county. Now they have your boy, and I do not know what you can do. May God help you.'

Why should not the father expect his boy to fall in with what he indorsed? Parents, think of that, and vote to outlaw the saloon.

In many another place might the above sad story be duplicated. The 'State Issue' relates it of a father in a Michigan town, but that there are doubtless a hundred thousand homes in which there is such a 'skeleton in the closet,' is not an outspoken complaint.

At a public meeting, where appeal was being made for funds to forward some effort in behalf of the young, the speaker declared that if but a single boy were saved, the hundred thousand dollars asked for would be well expended. When a friend inquired if he had not spoken rather hastily, he replied: 'No, not if it was my boy.'

Let each citizen, where the saloon is seeking entrance, remember now, before it is too late, that its coming means ruin to somebody's boy, and let each father say to himself, 'It may be my boy.'—John F. Hill, D.D., in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Our National Foe.

The Rev. Dr. Newman Hall once said:—'Britain is assailed from the outside and within by a vigilant, untiring, cunning, cruel foe, destroying the bodies and souls of hundreds of thousands of our people, old and young, rich and poor, night and day. Can any Christian treat the fact with indifference?'

Why He Did Not Drink.

'I read the other day of four young men riding in a Pullman car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said, "Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented; the other shook his head and said: "No, I thank you." "What," exclaimed his companions, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?" "No," he replied, "fellows, I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary; but I have decided not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why: I had some business in Chicago with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it, he found it was a pair of baby's shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said, 'Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink.' 'Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me ten cents for a drink.' Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of the infernal stuff would ever pass my lips again." '—The Rev. A. C. Dixon.

Drinking in the Churches.

'I have the privilege,' says Mr. W. P. Lockart, 'of being connected with one of the largest Nonconformist Churches in the North of England. The office-bearers of that church, numbering eighteen, meet quarter by quarter in order that the names of the members of that church may be all brought under review. We met last Thursday evening, and although it was a happy gathering there was a deep gloom over us, for as we came to name after name, and as we had to write down the names of some who became most necessarily the subjects of Church discipline, we found that first one and then another, and then another, and then another, had declined from their Christian consistency through indulgence in strong drink, and this, I believe, is by no means a solitary experience.'

'Better Take a Sheep Too'

A farmer, about the time that temperance reform was beginning to exert a very healthful influence, said to a man whom he had just taken into employment:

'Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I shall try to have my work done this year without rum. How much must I give you to do without?'

'Oh,' said Jonathan, 'I don't care much about it; you may give me what you are pleased to.'

'Well,' said the farmer, 'I will give you a sheep if you do without rum.'

'Agreed.'

'Father, will you give me a sheep too if I do without rum?' then asked the elder son.

'Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without.'

The younger son then said, 'Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?'

'Yes, my boy, you shall have a sheep also.'

Presently the younger son speaks again: 'Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?'

The farmer shook his head; he hardly thought that he could give up the stimulant, but the appeal came from a source not easily to be disregarded; and the result was rum was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.—'The Christian.'

Boys and Smoking--Effects of Habit.

A medical man, recently struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less decided taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequent bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth which disappeared on discontinuing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was stopped, when health and strength were soon restored.—'League Journal.'

The Michigan Southern & Lake Shore Railway not only prohibits employees from drinking, but from visiting saloons. The wife of a conductor who is in the habit of visiting saloons inaugurated a campaign for the enforcement of this provision lately. As a result a special order has been issued, which will result in the dismissal of four passenger conductors, and a number of other men, including some of the oldest employees of the railway, are also said to be slated.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 2, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Balfour's 'Apologia'—The 'Spectator,' London.
Sir Gilbert Parker at Dulwich—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain at Leeds—A Tariff Reform League Commission—English Papers.
The Commission: Its Work, Scope and Composition—The 'Times,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain's Commission—The 'Statist,' London.
Lord Wolseley a Protectionist—English Papers.
Greece and Macedonia, a Contrast—The Springfield 'Republican.'
'The Illimitable Emptiness'—H. S. H., in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Latest Visit to Lhasa—The New York 'Sun.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'Parsifal'—The Story of the Drama, its Philosophical and Religious Suggestions and its Music—By Richard Aldrich, in the New York 'Times.'
John Ruskin: a Vindication—'St. George,' London. Concluded.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Forecast of the New Year—Poem, by the Duke of Argyll, K. T., in 'Harper's Weekly,' New York.
Phaon to Sappho—Poem, by Bliss Carman, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
The Love Songs of a Bygone Day—By A. H. Garstang, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
An Annual Problem—Books for Children—By E. V. Lucas, in the 'Speaker,' London.
The Dogmas of Free Thought, VI.—Persecution a Side Issue—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
An Indian Appreciation of an Indian Book—By T. V. Subrahmanyam, in the Indian 'Ladies' Magazine.'
A Famous Japanese Novelist Dead—'Public Opinion,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Lord Rosebery on Historical Documents—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Funeral of the late Mr. Herbert Spencer—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Clever Beasts and Birds—How They Doctor Themselves—By William J. Long, in the 'Outlook,' New York.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

CUT, Subscribers to the Messenger may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

A Daily Half-Hour With the Bible.

(The late Joseph Cook, LL.D., in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Writing to his parents from Yale College in 1859, when he was twenty-one years of age, Joseph Cook says: 'The sweetest, most ennobling, and most indispensable half-hour of my day is that immediately after dinner. I have set apart this time for the careful, prayerful, and intelligent study of the Bible. Long enough have I read God's Word in the morning when I am hurried, or at night when I am weary. At neither of these hours are we best fitted for this grand study.

'At high noon, when the system is at the top of its condition, the mind clearest, and the heart largest, then is "my" best hour for religious thought. There are no vapors in the mind then; and the morning fogs and the evening shadows are both dispelled at mid-day. Pray to God at high noon; study the Bible at high noon; look out upon life at high noon; take your resolutions at high noon; observe the Sun of Righteousness at high noon; and you shall have clear, strong, and correct experiences of the power of Truth.

'High-noon prayer meetings in our great cities have been the central spring of all the wheels in the wonderful revival of 1858. I believe much in the influence of other hours, that of sunrise or of twilight, but most in the power of high noon with its strong pulse of life, its aroused activities, its sharp conflict with the business of the world.

'Nor can I think that the study of the Bible is what it should be until it is made vigorously intellectual. So much do I find in one verse that I rarely get over more than two in half an hour. My intention is to finish one chapter a week. I am now upon the epistle of Peter. It has taken me a week to go over the preface to his work, his life, and the first chapter of his letter. How suggestive are the words of Scripture when the whole mind and heart unite to study them! The germ of all reform; the basis of all originality of mind; the starting-point, guide, and goal of all true thinking; the power of the will, the rejoicing of the heart, the crown and robe of a man's whole being, is a profound knowledge of the facts and doctrine of inspiration. Sometimes I almost weep as I study. Fresh views of truth open upon my ignorance. I go up higher in Christian joy by every addition to my knowledge of the divine Word.

'Three reasons have forced me to adopt this regular habit of study: 1. My love for the Bible. 2. My deplorable ignorance of it. 3. My profound conviction that the influence of Truth alone, well studied and applied, and not my force of will or of intellect, on which I had too often relied, could keep me from sin.

'With God's blessing I hope never to be without a half-hour every day to devote to the study of his Word. The work of measuring life by it is ever new, pleasurable and transcendently important.

'I seem to derive now an indescribable freshness and gladness and strength of spirit from my half-hour. The health of my life, its sap, its heart, is in the eternal verities, understood and obeyed.

FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Give the meaning of and reference for the unusual word in each verse; the last two being found in the marginal reading of the prophets.

The way is hardest, darkest,
  There seems no deliverance near,
Lo, now cometh help, I an altar
  To Jehovah-Jireh rear.

The battle is sore against me,
  My foe his strength arrays;
But to me is the victory given,
  And Jehovah-nissi I praise.

The peace that passeth knowledge,
  E'en in the midst of conflict and strife,
Coming from Jehovah shalam
  Fills all my heart and life.

Upon my righteousness I never
  Hope of acceptance ground;
But am without spot and blameless
  In Jehovah-seidkenu found.

Here I've no continuing city,
  I seek for one above;
Its name is Jehovah shammah,
  'Tis the dwelling-place of love.

—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Northern Messenger

A Weekly Illustrated Paper, 12 pages or more, interesting alike to old and young. It has nearly a quarter of a million readers. It is evangelical in tone.

The 'Northern Messenger' contains nearly three times as much reading matter as any other paper of the same price, and we believe you will agree with us in thinking that the matter is of the most inspiring and interesting description.

For Sabbath-school distribution it will prove a great inducement to the scholar to come to Sunday-school—not only to come, but to come regularly, as the family at home will otherwise miss their generous weekly budget of Sunday reading, and parts of the short continued stories which appear from week to week. Or it may be, on this account, used by teachers as an occasion to call on each of their scholars every time the scholar may be absent.

But its most surprising feature is its price. Ten or more copies weekly to one address for twenty cents each.

"Messenger" Stories.

Stories, illustrations and anecdotes are perhaps the main features of attraction in 'The Northern Messenger.' But the stories are so carefully chosen that they exercise a sweet influence in the lives of old and young. Then there are special departments devoted to Temperance, the Sunday-school, the Little People and the Home. The paper is so popular that a vast number of Sunday-schools in Canada and the United States are using it to great advantage, insuring a more regular attendance, besides extending their influence for good in the homes of their scholars. 'The Northern Messenger' is probably read every week by well on a quarter of a million people, and for that reason the price is extremely low. Samples free on application.

Coupon

FREE

To Sabbath-schools who do not already distribute it.

To the Publishers of the 'Messenger':

Dear Sirs,—We would like to try the 'Northern Messenger' in our school, and would like you to send us free of all cost ..... copies for the next four weeks. That number will provide one copy for each scholar.

.. ..

.. ..

.. ..

Testimonials,

Chateauguay, Dec. 28, 1903.

Our Sunday-school, of which I have the honor of being superintendent, takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I must say that in our school it is very popular. I think it 'ahead of all in its class.' I am, yours truly,

KATIE COOPER.

Our Sunday-school cannot be persuaded to change for any other young people's publication. We enjoy the 'Messenger' greatly.

For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the good old 'Northern Messenger,' writes W. S. Jamieson, of Dalton,

Chas. Gamble, secretary of the Acton West Sunday-school, says: 'We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school the past six months, and are delighted with it, and believe it to be the best Sunday-school paper published.'

John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS!

WRITE FOR IT!

THIS announcement won't cure you! The reading of it won't ease your aches and pains. The medicine advertised WILL, but if you NEED it, if you WANT it, you MUST WRITE FOR IT.

¶ WE have it and are willing to send it to you ON trial, AT OUR RISK, YOU TO BE THE JUDGE, but we cannot know that you need it, that you want it, unless you write to us and tell us to send it to you.

¶ How many times have you seen "Personal to Subscribers" in this paper? How many times have you THOUGHT you would answer it and send for a package on trial, AT OUR RISK? Now suit the ACTION to the THOUGHT, and write for it to-day. Hundreds of your FELLOW SUBSCRIBERS have done what we ask you to do and are not sorry for having done it. You do it NOW! YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

READ OUR SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER:

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of "THE NORTHERN MESSENGER" or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, **post-paid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid or within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand we ask our pay only **when it has done you good and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced-incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid, powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1.00 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

Middle-Aged and Elderly People Should Use It.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as **Vitæ-Ore** becomes each year more and more manifest. As is generally known, all through life there is a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system, marking the transition from the soft, gelatinous condition of infancy to the hard, osseous condition of old age. These calcareous deposits naturally interfere with the function of the **vital organs**, and when they become excessive and resist expulsion, result in the dryness and stiffness of old age. In early life these deposits are thrown off, but age has not the power to do so unless assisted by some outside stimulant. **Vitæ-Ore**, apart from its powerful disease curing, health-restoring action, is just the **ideal stimulant** for middle-aged, elderly people, in that it enters the blood, dissolves the hard calcareous matter, and almost entirely eradicates the ossific deposits so much dreaded by old people. **It enriches the blood** with the necessary hematinic properties, drives all foreign matter from the circulation, and prolongs vigor and activity in both men and women to a ripe old age.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but only ask your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills ou have, by sending to us for a package.

GAINED TEN POUNDS IN WEIGHT

Suffered for Five Years from General Debility' two Years from Indigestion and Salt Rheum.

Clinton, Ont.

I wish to tell what Vitæ-Ore has done for me in the hope that I may help others to be cured as I have been. I had been suffering for five years with **General Debility and Neuralgia** in my head, and two years ago I began to be troubled with **Indigestion** and **Salt Rheum**, the latter appearing on my hands, and could hardly eat or sleep. Although I doctored with some good doctors I received no benefit until I commenced using Vitæ-Ore, and before I used all of two packages **I had gained ten pounds.** Three packages of Vitæ-Ore have made me a new woman.

MRS. MARY KNOOT.

CURED AFTER SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING.

READ WHAT A QUEBEC MAN SAYS.

Lance Au Beaufils, Que.

After suffering for about seven years with Rheumatism my attention was called to Vitæ-Ore, and as I had tried nearly everything else recommended to me I decided to give it a trial also. The result was far different from the other medicines and treatments I have used, as **I am now cured of my trouble.** Mine has certainly been a hard and obstinate case, which gives Vitæ-Ore all the more triumph for having accomplished what all others could not.

ALFRED LENSFESTEY.

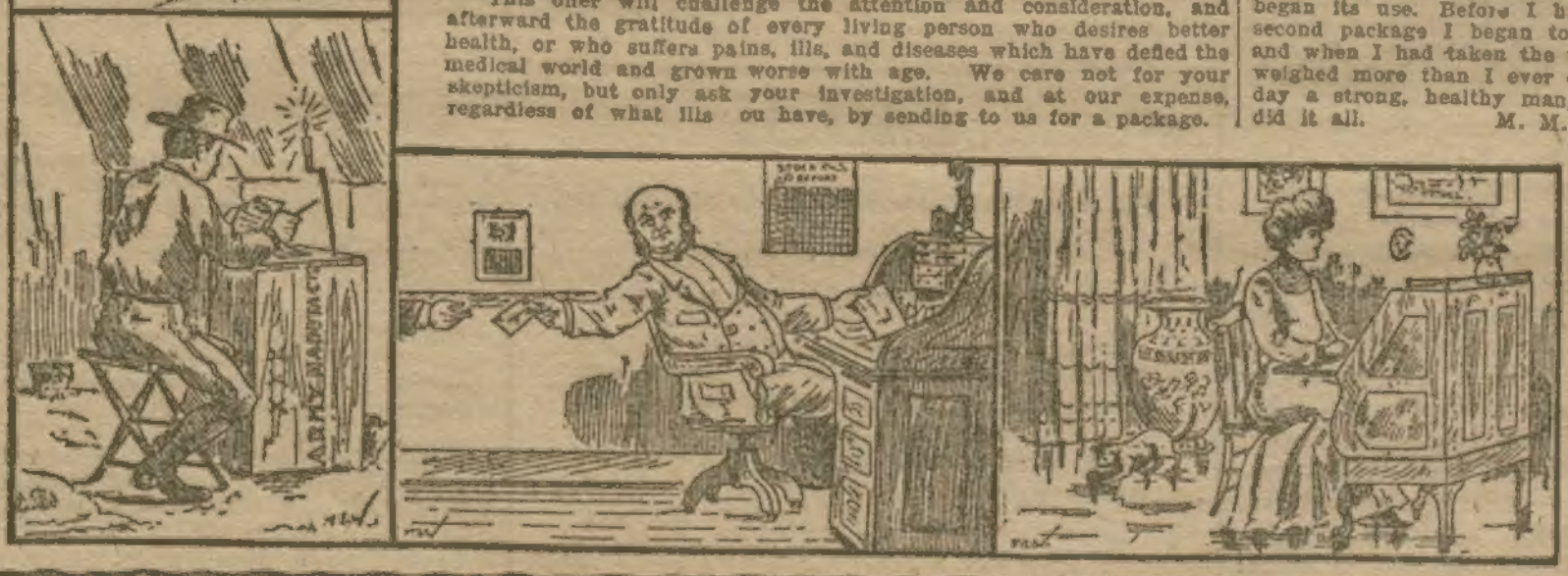
"VITAE-ORE DID IT ALL."

Had Almost Given Up—Grew Weak and Thin—Could Not Work—Now Strong and Healthy.

Edmonton, Alberta.

I can cheerfully testify to all sufferers what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. I suffered for years from Indigestion and other Stomach Troubles. I grew so weak and thin I could not work, and had almost given up, beginning to think life was not worth living. I got relief from the first package of Vitæ-Ore, in fact, as soon as I began its use. Before I had finished the second package I began to gain in flesh, and when I had taken the third package I weighed more than I ever did. I am to-day a strong, healthy man, and Vitæ-Ore did it all.

M. M. JOHNSTON.



THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

N. M. DEPT.
Yonge & Temperance Sts. - - TORONTO, ONT.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

JANUARY.

1. Friday.
Behold I make all things new. Rev. xxi., 5.

2. Saturday.
Thou wilt show me the path of life. Ps. xvi., 11.

3. Sunday.
Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me. Ps. iii., 3.

4. Monday.
Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage. Ps. xxvii., 14.

5. Tuesday.
The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance. Ps. xvi., 5.

6. Wednesday.
He satisfieth the longing soul. Ps. cvii.9.

7. Thursday.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Matt. v., 6.
Lucy H.

8. Friday.
I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness. Ps. xvii., 15.
E. L.

9. Saturday.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee. Ps. lxxxiv., 5.

10. Sunday.
Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee. Gen. xxviii., 15.

11. Monday.
I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice. Ps. cxvi., 1.

12. Tuesday.
With my song will I praise him. Ps. xxviii., 7.

13. Wednesday.
In all thy ways acknowledge him. Prov. iii., 6.
Clifton Fenlason.

14. Thursday.
My meditation of him shall be sweet. Ps. civ., 34.
Nellie Louise Estey.

15. Friday.
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth. Ps. xxxi., 5.
J. Anson Kemp.

16. Saturday.
Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. Jas. i., 12.

17. Sunday.
Jehovah is my strength and my song. Isa. xii., 2.

18. Monday.
The Lord will be the hope of his people. Joel iii., 16.

19. Tuesday.
There is no want to t_em that fear him. Ps. xxxiv., 9.

20. Wednesday.
Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Titus ii., 10.
G. V.

21. Thursday.
Let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel. Phil. i., 27.

22. Friday.
Let your speech be always with grace. Col. iv., 6.

23. Saturday.
More than conquerors through him that loved us. Rom. viii., 37.

24. Sunday.
Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin. Rom. vi., 11.

25. Monday.
Fear not neither be faint-hearted. Isa. vii., 4.
Cyrus McKinnon.

26. Tuesday.
As thy days so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii., 25.
George Ross.

27. Wednesday.
My yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matt. xi., 30.
Jennie Ross.

28. Thursday.
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Ps. xxiii., 4.

29. Friday.
Trust in him at all times, ye people. Ps. lxii., 8.

30. Saturday.
The work of righteousness shall be peace. Isa. xxxii., 17.

31. Sunday.
He will ever be mindful of his covenant. Ps. cxi., 5.

N.B.—Will those who have birthdays in February and March kindly send in the dates at once, if they wish to have their names in the birthday book? Those who wish to do so, may cut out the lists as they appear each month and paste them in a note-book, writing in the birthdays of their own friends, and thus make a permanent record of personal value.

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This section is about three miles and a half long. There is a lake here two miles long, and the widest place is half a mile wide. I was twelve years old last July. My sister Eva and I are both five feet tall, and are often taken for twins. My Aunt Annie took me to Halifax the first day of September. During my stay there, there was an exhibition held. My mother came to see the exhibition, and then I went home with her.
ANNIE J. R.

Hartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have recently got a library in our school, and I have read four of the books. The nicest that I read was 'Little Women and Good Wives.' I have never read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but I intend getting it soon, because mamma wants to read it. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading the Correspondence. I have two brothers at home, and one sister in Hamilton. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
FLOSSIE S.

Regina, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about eleven miles from Regina. I can plough and harrow. I drove four horses ploughing; and I drove a load of grain to the elevator one day. It was quite interesting to see them build the railway by the schoolhouse; they camped there for a little while. It looked like a little white village. The most fun was when they came along with the engine laying the ties and rails. Our school teacher let us watch them for some time. The rails were carried along on one side of the machine, and the ties on the other side.
WALTER LOVELACE S.

Wicklow, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister two years older than myself, and a dear little brother nearly three years old. His name is Edwin. He has a dog that he calls Bee. We are having a well drilled. Papa goes in the woods in the winter, and we have a very lonesome time, for I dearly love my papa. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much.
NELLIE LOUISE E.

Chipman Corner, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of ten years. I have taken your paper for two years. I enjoy reading it very much. I read almost every word in it. I have found it very helpful, and think in years to come, the reading of this paper, when a little boy, will mean a good deal to me. I wish your, dear Editor, and all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' a Happy New Year.
RALPH L. E.

Branch Hill, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—My school teacher told me about the 'Northern Messenger.' I have not taken it very long, but I like to read the stories in it. I go to school, and also to Sunday-school. I live about a mile from the church. I am twelve years old, and in the fifth reader. My birthday is on Sept. 5. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
NETTIE C.

Admire, Kansas, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small town out on the broad prairies of Kansas. We have a good school of four rooms, with a high school department. We get the 'Messenger' every week at Sunday-school. I enjoy reading the stories in them. We learn a great many good lessons from them. In reply to Minnie Simpson H., I will say that my sister Lillian's birthday is on June 2. She is eight years old. I should like to correspond with some little girl of about my age in Newfoundland or Nova Scotia.
BLANCHE McD. (aged 10).

Hunter River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger.' I get it in Sunday-school. I like it very much. I will be eleven years old on Jan. 20. We live not very far from the school. I go almost every day. We live in the village of Hunter River, quite near the railway station. There is a small river flowing through the village, where we catch some nice trout.
G. V

Rockville.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and would not like to be without it. I enjoy reading the correspondence page. I live in Rockville, on the Island of Manitoulin. Do not think that this is a small island, for it is a very large one. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister and I go to school. We have a mile and a half to go, but we often drive in the winter. My sister is in the second book, and I am in the fourth. We all like our teacher very much.
ETHEL W.

Mindemoya, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and our farm joins on Mindemoya Lake (being the Indian name for Old Woman Lake), after which the post-office is named. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. We all like it very much. I have four sisters, and only one brother. I have one sister married. The weather is very cold now, and the snow is over a foot deep. The first snow came on Nov. 29. I wish the 'Messenger' every success.
E. M. L. (aged 13).

Placentia Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is a very small place. We live by the side of a pond. We have fifty sheep and one cow, and two bulls and one ox. My father has a boat and two cod-traps. He goes fishing in the summer. I have four brothers and one sister. I am the youngest of the family. My birthday will be on Sept. 10. I will be fifteen years old. I belong to the Maple Leaf Club. My sister's name is Annie. She was twenty-eight years old last December. I went to school, and I am in the third reader. I have one grandmother, but no grandfather. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
ELIZA J. C.

MISS EMILY BABBS.

One of our subscribers, Mrs. Nicholls, is very anxious to hear from an old friend, Emily Babbs, who, thirty years ago, lived next door to her at 10 Adelaide Street, St. John's Wood, London.

Any information sent in care of the 'Northern Messenger,'' John Dougall & Son, Montreal, will be forwarded to her.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Simple Art of Sitting.

Under the heading of 'Health and Beauty,' a practical article with the above title appears in the 'Lady's Magazine.'

'Such a simple art—one that we spend so much of our lives in doing, especially if our occupation is of the kind known as sedentary.

'"The way one sits has nothing to do with health and beauty," a girl grumbled to me the other day. "Of course, some positions are infinitely more graceful than others, but as long as one is comfortable, what does it matter?" My friend, as she spoke was sitting almost doubled up, elbow on knee and chin in hand. The attitude, to say the least of it, was ungainly; but the lack of beauty was little compared to the permanent injury she was doing to her health and figure. I say permanent, for the attitude was a favorite one with her.

'First, the attitude was injurious from an external point of view, for the weight of the body was thrown almost entirely on one hip; the other hip was thrown out, and would naturally, if the position were frequently indulged in, grow out. A glance shows that the corresponding shoulder is thrown up, and the sure and certain penalty would be a form—more or less slight, perhaps, but nevertheless there—of curvature of the spine.

'Too much cannot be said against the indiscriminate habit of lounging. Naturally, if the muscles are let off their proper work, they complain when suddenly expected to perform their natural duties, with the result that the unfortunate person becomes aware that it is next to impossible to sit or stand perfectly erect, and therefore, she flies to the support of stays, or those abominations known as shoulder-braces.

'Seek rather to develop and strengthen all the muscles by natural means, and having done this, sit up. There is no need to assume an attitude of ramrod-like stiffness; it is quite possible to sit correctly and gracefully at the same time.'

Selected Recipes

Walnut Wafers.—One pint of walnut meats, one pint of dark brown sugar, four eggs, six even tablespoons of flour, two-thirds teaspoon of salt. Beat the eggs, not separating them. Add sugar, then flour, then salt, and lastly the nuts chopped fine. Mix well together, then spread as thinly as possible in a buttered pan. Cut in squares before cold, but not at once. Bake in a hot oven. These wafers are very nice served with afternoon tea, or with ice cream. The thinness and the quick oven are both necessary to make them a success. —Mrs. George C. Hollister, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

Chocolate Crullers.—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter and one-half of a cupful of sugar; gradually add the beaten yolks of three eggs and one and one-half cupfuls more of sugar, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two ounces of chocolate grated and melted over hot water, one-third of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half of a teaspoonful of boiling water, the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth and sufficient sifted flour to make a soft dough. Roll out, cut into oblongs; divide each into three strips leaving the dough united at one end. Braid loosely, pinch the ends together and cook until golden brown in smoking-hot fat.

Mutton Cutlets.—Put an ounce of clarified beef dripping into a stewpan, and then cover the bottom of the pan with a layer of sliced onion, carrot and celery. Remove the fat from six or eight neck of mutton cutlets, but do not trim them, and place them on the vegetables; cover them with a piece of buttered paper before putting on the lid of the pan, and let them cook very slowly for an hour, taking care that they do not become at all brown. On taking the cutlets from the pan place them on a flat dish and let them get cold, then trim them very neatly and scrape the bones. Cover the cutlets evenly with some potted ham, then flour them and dip them into beaten egg and cover them with fine white bread crumbs. When the crumbs have hardened fry the cutlets in plenty of boiling fat until they are a pale golden brown; dry them in an oven on soft paper, and dish them up on a support of mashed potato arranged down the middle of a hot dish and surround them with some thick tomato sauce.

Toast as it Should Be.

Bread is toasted to take out the moisture as well as to give it a better flavor. Toasting converts the insoluble starch in bread into a soluble substance called dextrine, which can be moistened with the saliva and easily digested. Bread toasted until dry and brown agrees better with weak stomachs than any other kind of bread, and a sensitive stomach will frequently digest good toast when it will digest no other article of food; hence toast properly made can be judiciously and safely used as an article of diet for invalids at all times without the least fear of its proving injurious or producing discomfort. But if the slices of bread to be toasted are very thick, and are carelessly held before or over a blazing fire, the outside becomes burned and toughened, the moisture is driven in instead of being evaporated, and the toast is rendered clammy and indigestible.

Toast of the best quality can be made only from sweet, light, well-baked bread, no amount of toasting will turn inferior bread that is heavy and half-baked into toast that is digestible or fit to be eaten. Toast of an excellent quality can always be made by following these directions.

Cut the bread in even slices about half an inch in thickness. Slightly dry them in the oven or before the fire. Put each slice on a toasting fork, or in a wire broiler and hold it before or over a clear, bright fire of coal or charcoal but at a sufficient distance to allow it to brown evenly without burning. When the surface of one side becomes a rich golden color, turn and toast the other side in a similar manner. Serve covered with a napkin on a warm plate.

Dip Toast.—Dip slices of dry toast in well salted boiling water, to which a sufficient quantity of melted butter has been added.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Dealing With the Butcher.

Of course there are butchers and butchers. I have in mind one who knows it all so thoroughly that the customer is not 'in it' at all, at all. His greatest annoyance, which is so apparently manifest, is to be asked to show his goods. You are therefore denied the right of seeing your purchase or witnessing the scale of weight. He is always too busy, or 'I have got just the right piece for you, can't get it now, but will send it over all right.' And so forth and so on. You don't like to tell this man that it may be exactly as he says and that he may be scrupulously honest, but you'd like to prove it! He holds a knife in his hand, and your last month's bill is not paid, and there you are! This butcher is difficult to get along with in systematic and respectable housekeeping. When you market for meat, see what you are getting. Gradually you will learn the good cuts; you will know enough to discard certain pieces. Don't leave your corned beef to your butcher. Even a tyro can instinctively tell one good piece of this stock from another, but the butcher wants to sell all of it, and you are a little more apt to get 'rags and gristle' than fat and juicy meat. —'Good Housekeeping.'

A thrifty housewife decided last spring to paper her dining-room and kitchen herself, in order to save money. She was wholly unaccustomed to such work, and, although she accomplished it successfully and was better pleased with the result than she would have been if the paper-hanger had done it, yet she over-tired herself, brought on nervous prostration, and not only suffered much before regaining her health, but she was obliged to pay the doctor several times the amount of the paper-hanger's bill.—'Congregationalist.'

The value of a slight rest before meals is, according to a physician, very great. Indigestion more often arises from eating when tired or excited than is understood. In his dietary for a consumptive patient, a very well-known specialist insists upon a full twenty mnutes' rest before all meals, except breakfast. Five minutes' complete rest, of mind as well as body, is none too much for the person of average health, and it should be taken regularly.

I find a reliable remedy for hoarseness is the juice of a lemon, half an ounce of glycerine and a teaspoon of sugar. Take one teaspoon every few hours. Simple, and within the reach of everybody. Honey is also good for hoarseness. Another simple but effective cure is the juice of a lemon, a tablespoon of sugar and the stiffly beaten white of an egg.

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